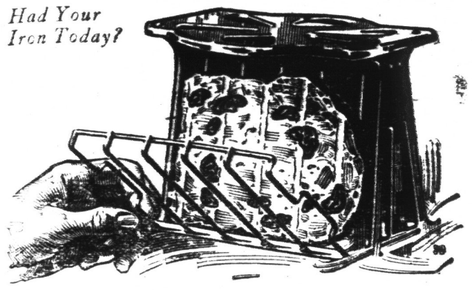
*Had Your Iron Today?*



# Toast It—

## Delicious *Raisin* Bread

DO this some morning and surprise the family: Serve hot *raisin toast* at breakfast, made from full-fruited, luscious raisin bread. Let your husband try it with his coffee. Hear what he says.

Your grocer or bake shop can supply the proper bread. No need to bake at home.

Made with big, plump, tender, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins, and if you get the right kind there's a generous supply of these delicious fruit-meats in it.

*Insist* on this *full-fruited* bread and you'll have luscious toast.

Rich in energizing nutriment and iron—great food for business men.

Make most attractive bread pudding with left-over slices. There's real economy in bread like this.

Try tomorrow morning. A real surprise. Telephone your dealer to send a loaf today.

*Blue Package*

## Sun-Maid *Seeded* Raisins

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*Membership 13,000*
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# The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table.

CHAPTER V.

Almost the first person he met was the stranger who had schooled him in the gambling game the night before. He greeted Dave cordially; his voice had a soft, seductive, almost feminine quality which Dave had not noticed in their whispered conversation in the pool-room. There was something attractive about his personality, something which invited friendship and even confidence, and yet beneath these emotions Dave felt a sense of distrust, as though part of his nature rebelled against the acquaintanceship.

"That was the rottenest luck you had last night," the stranger was saying. "I never saw the beat of it. I knew you were wrong the moment you had your hand down, but I couldn't butt in then. I was hoping you'd stay and raise him next time; you might have got your money back that way."

"Oh, I don't mind the money," said Dave, cheerfully. "I don't want it back. In fact, I figure it was pretty well spent."

"Lots more where it came from, eh?" laughed the other. "You're from the ranches, I see, and I suppose the price of a steer or two doesn't worry you a hair's worth."

"From is right," Dave replied. "I'm from them, an' I'm not goin' back. As for money—well, I spent my last nickel for breakfast, so I've got to line up a job before noon."

The stranger extended his hand. "Shake," he said. "I like you. You're no squealer, anyway. My name is Conward. Yours?"

Dave told his name, and shook hands. Conward offered his cigarette box, and the two smoked for a few moments in silence.

"What kind of ajob do you want?" Conward asked at length.

"Any kind that pays a wage," said Dave. "If I don't like it I'll chuck it as soon as I can afford t' be particular, but just now I've got to get a grub-stake."

"I know the fellow that runs an employment agency down here," Conward answered. "Let's go down. Perhaps I can put you in right."

Conward spoke to the manager of the employment agency and introduced Dave.

"Nothing very choice on tap to-day," said the employment man. "You can handle horses, I suppose?"

"I guess I can," said Dave. "Some."

"I can place you delivering coal. Thirty dollars a month, and you board with the boss."

"I'll take it," said Dave.

The boss proved to be one Thomas Metford. He owned half-a-dozen teams and was engaged in the cartage business, specializing on coal. He was a man of big frame, big head, and a vocabulary appropriate to the purposes to which he applied it. Among his other possessions were a wife, numerous children, and a house and barn, in which he boarded his beasts of burden, including in the term his horses, his men, and his wife, in the order of their valuation. The children were a by-product, valueless until such time as they also would be able to work.

Dave's duties were simple enough. He had to drive a wagon to a coal yard, where a very superior young man, with a collar, would express surprise that he had been so long gone, and tell him to back in under chute number so-and-so. It appeared to be always a matter of great distress to this young man that Dave did not know which chute to back under until he was told. Having backed into position, a door was opened. There was a fiction that the coal in the bin should then run into the wagon box, but, as Dave at once discovered, this was merely a fiction. Aside from a few accommodating lumps near the door the coal had to be shovelled. When the box was judged to be full the wagon was driven to the scales. If the load were too heavy some of it had to be thrown off, while the young man with the collar passed remarks appropriate to the occasion. If the load were too light less distress was experienced. Then Dave had to drive to an address that was given him, shovel the coal down a chute located in the most inaccessible position the premises afforded, and return to the coal yard, where the young man with the collar would facetiously inquire whether Mrs. Blank had invited him in to afternoon tea, or if he had been waiting for a change in the weather.

Conditions in the boarding-house had the value of distracting Dave's attention from the unpleasantness of his work. Mrs. Metford, handicapped by her numerous offspring, embittered by the regular recurrence of her contributions to the State, and disheartened by drudgery and overwork, had long ago ceased to place any store on personal appearance or even cleanliness. As Dave watched her slovenly shuffle to and from the kitchen, preceded and pursued by young Metfords in all degrees of childish innocence, his mind flew back to dim recollections of his own mother, and the quiet, noiseless order of their home. Even in the latter days, when he and his father had been anything but model housekeepers, they had never known such squalor as this.

Metford's attitude toward his wife fluctuated from coarse humor to brutality, but there was left in the woman no spark of spirit to resist. With neither tongue nor eye did she make any response, and her shufflings back and forth were neither hastened nor delayed by the pleasure of her lord. Her bearing was that of one who has drunk the last dregs of bitterness, for whom no possible change of condition can be worse. Her indifference was tragic.

The sleeping accommodations had the virtue of simplicity. The Metford tribe was housed in a lean-to which supported one wall of the kitchen, and the eight boarders slept upstairs over the main part of the house. The room was not large, but it had four corners, and in each corner stood a cheap iron bed with baggy spring and musty mattress. The ceiling, none too high at any part, shoped at the walls almost to the edges of the beds. One table and wash-basin had to serve for the eight lodgers; those who were impatient for their turn might omit their ablutions altogether or perform them in the horse-trough at the barn.

All Metford's employees, with the exception of Dave, were foreigners, more or less inconversant with the English language. Somewhat to his surprise, they maintained an attitude of superiority toward him, carrying on their conversations in a strange tongue, and allowing him little part in their common life. Dave's spirit, which had always been accustomed to receive and be received on a basis of absolute equality, rebelled violently against the intangible wall of exclusion which his fellow-workers built about themselves, and as they had shown no desire for his company, he retaliated by showing still less for theirs, with the result that he found himself very much alone and apart from the life of his new surroundings.

His work and supper were over by seven o'clock each evening, and now was the opportunity for him to begin the schooling for which he had left the ranch. But he developed a sudden disinclination to make the start; he was tired in the evening, and he found it much more to his liking to stroll down town, smoke cigarettes on the street corners, or engage in an occasional game of pool. In this way the weeks went by, and when his month with Metford was up he had neglected to find another position, so he continued where he was. He was being gradually and unconsciously submerged in an inertia which, however much it might hate its present surroundings, had not the spirit to seek a more favorable environment.

So the fall and winter drifted along; Dave had made few acquaintances and no friends, if we except Conward, whom he frequently met in the pool-rooms, and for whom he had developed a sort of attachment. His first underlying sense of distrust had been lulled by closer acquaintanceship; Conward's mild manner and quiet, seductive voice invited friendship, and it became a customary thing for the two to play for small stakes, which Dave won as often as he lost.

One Saturday evening as Dave was on the way to their accustomed resort, he fell in with Conward on the street. "Hello, old man," said Conward cheerily, "I was just looking for you. Got two tickets for the show to-night. Some swell dames in the chorus. Come along. There'll be doings."

There were two theatres in the town, one of which played to the better-class residents. In it anything of a risque nature had to be presented with certain trimmings which allowed it to be classified as "art," but in the other house no such restrictions existed. It was to the latter that Conward led. Dave had been there before, in the cheap upper gallery, but Conward's tickets admitted to the best seats in the house. Dave had adopted town ways to the point where he changed his clothes and put on a white collar Saturday evenings, and he found himself amid the gay rustle and perfumes of the orchestra floor with a very pleasant sense of being somebody among other somebodies. The orchestra played a swinging air, to which his foot kept tap, and presently the curtain went up and the show was on with a rush of girls and color.

It was an entirely new experience. From the upper gallery the actors and actresses always seemed more or less impersonal and abstract, but here they were living, palpitating human beings, almost within hand reach, certainly within eye reach, as Dave presently discovered. There was a trooping of girls about the stage, with singing and rippling laughter and sweet, clear voices; then a sudden change of formation flung a line of girls right across behind the footlights, where they tripped merrily through motions of mingled grace and acrobatics. Dave found himself regarding the young woman immediately before him; all in white she was, with some scintillating material that sparkled in the glare of the spot-light; then suddenly she was in orange, and pink, and purple, and mauve, and back again in white. And although she performed the various sters with smiling abandon, there was in her dress and manner a modesty which fascinated the boy with a subtlety which a more reckless appearance would have at once defeated.

And then Dave looked in her face. It was a pretty face, notwithstanding its grease-paint, and it smiled right into his eyes. His heart thumped between his shoulders as though it would drive all the air from his lungs. She smiled at him—for him! Now they were away again; there were gyrations about the stage; he almost lost her in the maze; a young man in fine clothes rushed in, and was apparently being mobbed by the girls, and said some lines in a rapid voice which Dave's ear had not been trained to catch; and then he danced about with one of them—the very one—with his one! My, how nimble she was! He wondered if she knew the young man very well. They seemed very friendly. But he supposed she had to do that anyway; it was part of her job; it was all in the play. Certainly the young man was very clever, but he didn't like his looks. Certainly he could dance very well. "I could make him dance different to the tune of a six-shooter," Dave said to himself, and then flushed a little. That was silly. The young man was paid to do this, too. Still, it looked like a very good job. It looked like a very much better job than shovelling coal for Metford.

Then there was a sudden breakaway in the dance, and the girl disappeared behind a forest, and the mobbing of the young man recommenced. Dave supposed she had gone to rest; dancing like that must be hard on the wind. He found little to interest him now in what was going on on the stage. It seemed rather foolish. They were just capering around and being foolish. They were a lot of second-raters. And the young man—it was plain he didn't care a whit for them; he was just doing it because he had to. There was a vacant seat in front. He wished the girl behind the forest would come down and rest there. Then she could see the show herself. Then she could see——

(To be continued.)

## Tracks of God.

"Father," asked Thomas, looking up from his studies, "how do you know there is a God?"

"Why, what makes you ask the question? Do you doubt the existence of God?"

"Well, I heard one of the students say that he had been reading a book that proved conclusively that you could know nothing about God, nor even be sure there is a God. He said that, if there were a God, He was outside of the world and of such a nature that we could not know Him. Is there any way really to know?"

"Well, my boy, do you remember the other day that you were laughing about Robinson Crusoe's dismay at discovering that there were other persons on the island besides himself? How did he discover them? Did he see them? No; he discovered one track of a bare foot in the sand, and he knew that it could not be his own. He knew that only a human being could have made it, and he knew that whoever had made it could not be far off, for the tide had not yet reached it. All those things he knew to be true, although he had not seen a human being within miles of the island. And the knowledge was all gained from a mark in the sand.

"If one print of a bare foot in the sand is absolute proof of the existence and presence of a human being, what are we to suppose when we see the prints of the Master's shoe, as Bunyan calls it, covering the whole wide world? We see a million creatures that only God could make. We see on mountain and in valley the print of the fingers of God. We see a million flowers and plants and trees that only God could make grow. We see all the rivers and the springs of the world fed from the sky. We see a great universe, perfectly made and ordered from the tiniest speck to the greatest of all the worlds. What do all those things mean—those millions upon millions of footprints in the clay of the world? They mean God, living, present, ruling and loving! They mean God and nothing else."

## As a Man Thinketh.

If a man thinks every one is against him, he will soon begin to treat them so they will be. If he thinks every one is his friend, he will treat them right, unconsciously, and they soon will be his friends. The man who lives his daily life according to this formula has in his make-up a spark of sound and true philosophy that will make his life brighter. If we put into all the relations with our fellows a full measure of friendliness and good will, we are pretty sure to get it back, full and overflowing. On the other hand, if a man is suspicious of everybody, every one will be suspicious of him. The man who goes about looking for a fight is sure to get licked some day, good and plenty.

True friendliness is founded on sincerity. And sincerity is about the only thing in the world that can't be counterfeited. The impulse toward friendliness springs from the very soul of a man.

The world needs friendliness, and kindness, and good will. Not Sundays only, but every day in the week, and every hour of the day. Think friendly thoughts. If you've got a soul, don't be ashamed of it. Bring it into the office with you. For the soul is the source and fountain-head of every good and worthy impulse. Put your faith in men. Believe they are your friends, and they will be.

## Not Popular.

Little Georgie Goode was standing apart from all the other happy boys, who were playing as only happy boys can.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked a passerby. "Why don't you play with the rest of the boys?"

"They don't want me to play with 'em," replied the lonely boy bitterly.

"What's the trouble, that the other boys don't want you to play with them?" the stranger persisted.

"They've found out something about me," the lad answered, trying hard to keep back the tears.

"Was it something bad?"

"They think so. But I can't help it!" the boy defended himself.

"Come on, tell me all about it," he was urged. "Maybe I can help you."

"No you can't help me."

"Well, tell me, anyway."

The boy hesitated for a moment, but decided to confide.

"Well, sir, the other boys say that I am a softy because I'm—and he gulped hard—"I'm twins with a girl!"

"Yes," said the quiet little man in the corner, "my neighbor is the most progressive man I know. Always up to the minute, he is. Why, only last night he sent in to ask if he might borrow my wireless receiving set."

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**OLD CHUM**

The Tobacco of Quality

## A Bubble Party.

A flock of little rainbow-colored disks on a correspondence card held the keynote of the Bubble Party, especially as one disk on each card bore a grinning little face such as anybody can draw in with three dots for eyes and nose and a parenthesis mark on its side for the mouth. A couplet preceded the date and place:

Fun is what we're all of us after,
So come bubbling over with joy and laughter.

The time was a warm summer evening, the place was a big lawn, the guests were mainly a lot of young folks who liked getting together for a jolly time.

Among the trees, the great colored bubbles, were strung round paper lanterns of yellow, pink, green, and lavender, producing a festive setting for the light frocks of the girls, contrasting with the darker attire of the boys.

Having been asked to a bubble party no one was surprised to see soap-bubble pipes passed around and big bowls of soapsuds set on convenient stands. Had the modern soap-bubbling pipes holding the soap been used, no soapsuds would have been required—merely clear water.

The young hostess proceeded to tie pink ribbons around some arms, and blue around others—having an equal number of pinks and blues and an equal number of girls and boys, both on each side.

A tennis net stretched across an open space divided the two groups, an umpire and a scorekeeper took their place, and after a little preliminary practice the bubble contest was on. Each girl blew a bubble which it was the duty of a boy to blow across the net. Meantime the players on the opposite side tried to blow the bubbles back so they wouldn't come over. Striking at the bubbles was not allowed. This game made for a great amount of huffing and puffing, which proved highly humorous, and got the girls to laughing so that they had difficulty in puckering their mouths for blowing the bubbles.

Any bubble which crossed the line scored one for the side that blew it. The score for each side was carefully kept, and announced later in the evening.

The next contest was not blowing rings, but blowing through rings. A big hoop wrapped with wool strips was suspended from a tree, and the two groups—the pinks and the blues—took turns, member by member, blowing a bubble and sending it through the hoop. The side scoring the most bubbles through the hoop was victorious.

Then began some jolly twosome stunts. Girls and boys matched up for partners, and then each couple had to blow a monstrous bubble together. The way to do it is for each to start blowing one, the two being near together, and the bubbles will gradually touch each other and unite into one large one.

Everybody had fun too, with toboggan bubbles, blowing them to roll down a cloth covered incline such as a glorified ironing board.

The special Wizard of the Bubbles made some trick bubbles, such as smoke bubbles, surprise bubbles, dancing bubbles, and a bubble chain—a real bubble exhibit.

When everybody had bubbled over sufficiently the soapsuds bowls were removed and the little tables utilized for serving bubbling refreshments in buffet fashion.

Out came trays of tall glasses filled with frothy ginger ale and grapejuice blended, fruit salad with a fluffy cream dressing, sandwiches, and finally balls of pink (strawberry) ice cream. Neapolitan ice cream, with its rainbow stripes, would also have been in keeping. If anyone owns the glass sherbet glasses, iridescent as bubbles, they are lovely for holding the ice cream.

Dancing or any jolly group games may follow the refreshments.

## Some Simple Desserts.

This Hickory-nut Cake is not only easy to make and delectable but it tions. For the children's party it's splendid baked in a loaf, cut like a short-cake, and the layer thus made spread with jelly. For sandwiches there's nothing nicer than thin slices of it spread with chopped nut meats and mayonnaise: 2-3 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup nut meats, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla. Cream the butter, add the sugar and slightly beaten egg yolks. Sift the baking powder and flour together, and add the chopped nut meats to this mixture. Add the milk and flour mixture alternately, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and the vanilla. Any white icing may be used on this cake.

And this Apple Cornbread is just the thing in which to use some of the first apples of the season: 2 cups cornmeal, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3 sweet apples, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups sweet milk. Mix the dry ingredients, beat in the milk and the apples cored, pared, and sliced thinly. Pour in a shallow tin, and bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. Serve hot with butter or cold with milk for the children.

Probably you have your pet cooky or cake recipe which you bring out whenever a small amount of cream sours. But have you ever tried a Sour Cream Pie? Here's an excellent recipe: 1 cup thick sour cream, 1 cup chopped raisins, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1-16 teaspoon nutmeg, 1-16 teaspoon salt, pastry. Combine the raisins, sugar, flour, salt, and spices. Mix together the cream and the slightly beaten egg yolks. Combine the two mixtures, and pour into a pie pan lined with uncooked pastry. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with a meringue. Return to a slow oven, and brown the meringue.

Canada's forests belong to the whole people. They have an important bearing on climate and water supply. They enter into the daily life of the Canadian, both in a business and a domestic sense to a degree of which few are conscious. The public unfortunately is a strong contributing factor in the origin of most forest fires, and education in this matter will do much to reduce the present enormous fire waste.

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For Value

## Barring Out Burglars From Bank of England.

If you would see the marvels of a modern strongroom you should pay a visit to the Bank of England, where, if you are fortunate, you will be shown the stronghold in which the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" guards her millions.

As you stand in this room, surrounded by untold riches, you will be told that the door by which you entered is of steel so tough that no drill could more than scratch its surface; it is a foot in thickness, and weighs fourteen tons.

Beneath your feet is water seven feet deep, and below that a bed of concrete nearly seven yards in thickness. Over your head are a similar miniature lake and a similar concrete bed, topped by thick armor-plates which can defy alike drills and explosives.

But the Bank of England has not always guarded its treasures so securely. Many years ago, when the directors flattered themselves that their strong-room was absolutely impregnable, they received one day a dirty, ill-spelled note, which ran thus:

"You think your bank is safe, but I know better. I've been inside these last two nites, and you know nuffin about it. But I am not a theaf, so if you will meet me in the great square room with all the money at twelve to-nite, I'll explane all to you. Let only 2 cum alone, and say nuffin to nobody."

As a matter of amused curiosity, two of the directors decided to keep the midnight tryst, and entered the vault just before the "witching hour."

Exactly on the stroke of twelve noises came to their ears, followed by a voice asking them to extinguish their lamps. This was done; whereupon steps advanced towards them through the darkness, and they were soon listening to the strange story told by the man who had written the note of warning.

He was, he explained, a sewerman. While engaged on his work he accidentally discovered a way into the vault by the simple process of raising a square stone in its floor. It would have been the easiest thing to plunder the strong-room as much as he pleased. But he was an honest man.

Needless to say, the directors were delighted by the man's honesty, and he returned happily to the sewer, with the promise of a life pension as his reward.

Music by wireless telephone is used by one American doctor to soothe his patients while under treatment.

In Paris, when a street car is full, the driver hangs out a sign saying "Complet," and the car does not stop for passengers. A time-honored joke on the green tourist is to tell him of the wonders of "Complet" and direct him where he can get a car for the place. Of course, the tourist waits an exasperating time for a "Complet" car to take him aboard. Then doubtless he sees the joke, and would like to find the joker.

## An Old-Time Butchering.

The butchering season in olden days was a time of gayety sandwiched between the heat and toil of the summer and the cold of the winter. The family at whose house the butchering was to take place would be up long before daylight. Some of the near neighbors and the butcher would be on hand before sunrise to help in the killing, the scalding and the cleaning. The other neighbors would come during the early forenoon in plenty of time to help with the cutting, the lard rendering and the sausage making. Everyone from the oldest to the youngest came; school attendance necessarily suffered.

All the farmhouses had an out-kitchen, and it was there that the men worked. As a rule the women stayed close to the house; but now and then one of them, curious to know how the butchering was going, would slip out to investigate. She was lucky if she got back without having one or more pigtails tied to her.

Every community had its butcher. He was often a small farm owner, usually happy-go-lucky, care-free and jolly. At a butchering he was the boss. He killed the pigs, decided when the water was of the right temperature and when the lard was cooked, seasoned and mixed the sausage and cut out the big pieces of meat. He worked all the time, for he was paid for his services at the rate of ten cents for every pig that he killed; he received also a gift of sausage and pigs' feet. If he butchered for a large family, he might earn as much as a dollar a day.

About eleven o'clock one night before a butchering a certain farmer and his sons heard a commotion out in the pigpen. On investigating they were astonished to find that all five of their big fat pigs had been killed. Apparently thieves had done it, but had been frightened away before they could load the pigs on a wagon.

To wait until morning before butchering would mean an inferior grade of pork for the winter. The only thing for the farmer to do was to butcher at once. Working in the moonlight, he and his sons had the five pigs cleaned and hung up by three o'clock. Then they rested round the kitchen stove until the butcher aroused them at five. They told him what had happened, and all went out to look at the pigs. To their great dismay the pigs were gone!

Probably the thieves who had killed them were the ones who finally stole them.

## A Lullaby.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Playing time must end,
The cattle all whisper, passing by,
Boughs above you bend.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Stars your guard will keep.
Earth holds a solemn hush, for you.
Soft falls the tender dew, for you.
Nothing more will weep.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Many insect-catching birds have bristles around their mouth.

*No Waste—more Taste.*
*Use Bovril in your Cooking*